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2257

CAMPAIGNING

AGAINST

THE SIOUX

BY A. N. JUDD

BEING EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY KEPT DURING ONE OF THREE
EXPEDITIONS PARTICIPATED IN BY THE AUTHOR
AGAINST THE SIOUX, UNDER GENERAL
ALFRED SULLY IN 1863-4-5.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

SOME OF THE SKETCHES BEING MODIFICATIONS
FROM CATLIN

Dedicated

TO MRS. ALFRED SULLY AND MY COMRADES
OF THE SIXTH IOWA CAV.





A. N. JUDD



A MEMORABLE EXPEDITION



UR EXPEDITION FROM FORT Randall to the north in 1864 began to get interesting June 18th. On arriving at the highland overlooking the little Cheyenne river,

we saw four or five Indians sneaking up the river bottom. To be sure there had been or was to be more murderous mischief. Upon close investigation we found Capt. Fielding, our topographical engineer, who was in the habit of going ahead all alone, contrary to the advice of his old life-long friend, the General, to sketch and make observations, shot through with a slug of iron, evidently a piece of bolt. This murder made the General furious, and he detailed thirty of us, with orders to follow the murderers to the death. We had gone but a mile or a little more when we sighted them on their ponies, going at a stiff gait. It was evident, soon, that we were gaining on them, and about four miles farther on they deserted their horses, as our long range guns were knocking the dust out of their hair. They took refuge in a dry creek bottom but were too slow to get away. By dividing our party and tying our horses we succeeded in cutting them off, both up and down the creek. Here was a good exhibition of hiding by them, where there was no apparent place to hide, for out of the five we only got three. The falling of a little dirt betrayed one of them. When water was high it had washed the roots of a box-elder tree bare, making a shelf on top of bare roots, some seven feet from the ground. This one had jumped and grasped one of the strong roots and swung himself onto

this shelf and was secure from view. The falling of the dirt was noticed by Loucks, just behind me, when his carbine went off and the object of his good shooting, in a mad leap, nearly fell on me. My feelings could better be imagined than told.

When we reported back, General Sully ordered an ambulance and ten men to go and bring in the heads, which were afterwards placed on poles at the point where poor Fielding was killed.

Probably the most vivid picture of over four years as a soldier was the next night when our company was detailed to return to this place to escort a belated contractor with beef (?) cattle. We camped in a thunder storm. The night was pitch dark, and "Three Heads" was the countersign. I took my turn at guard duty, with my rubber talma flapping in the strong wind in spite of all I could do. A talma is a rubber blanket which has a slit through the middle to put your head through, this answers as a storm coat and to lay against the ground when damp or over your blankets when it storms. Of course the noise was not desirable, as it would direct the enemy to me. No sooner would you get one of the four corners tucked under you, than another would get loose and clatter, flap, flap, flap. Of course the expected happened. Some fifty yards ahead of me on the little knoll I was on, overlooking the gruesome spectacle of the three heads, an Indian was working his way towards me through the tall grass. Every time the wind blew the hardest he

would hitch-up a bit closer. How I longed for one of those sheets of lightning that a few minutes previously had often lit up so sharply against the black night as a back-ground, those grinning gory heads, until they became a nightmare to me, to be seen sleeping or waking; only just one flash so I could pull the trigger my finger had pressed so long it was numb. I could not stand it any longer I pulled off that taima and wadded it under me preferring to get wet than to be hamp-

course he was mine, so I took unto myself the direction of our investigation. Just as we were about to advance with guns pointed and finger on the trigger an unusual strong gust of wind lifted that tumble-weed in the air about four feet and directly toward us. At least four shots rang out on the night air, causing almost a panic on the part of the balance of the company who were asleep. Instances of this kind always put everybody in good humor except the poor fellow



The Countersign.

ered with it in case of a hand-to-hand affair. The wished-for-flash still held off. My nerves had got to that point that shoot I must, and shoot I did, and at the same time jumped to one side to avoid an onslaught. Shooting in the night, like lightning, blinds you for a moment, that moment is an age when the enemy is within thirty yards of you when you shoot. My shot soon brought me the support of a squad. I was greatly relieved when I could see lying, where he was when I shot, the Indian. Still he might be desperately wounded and in that case would fight hard, therefore due care was necessary in making a reconnaissance. Of

that had suffered all the tortures of the reality.

The interim of nearly a month follows: of alkali water to drink and buffalo chips to cook with, interspersed with some amusing incidents, for there are many things in war, real war, that are the rarest comedies. For instance there came to us a raw recruit, in the shape of a second lieutenant, who two months before had occupied the exalted position of "City Dude" at home, and probably could tell all us farmer boys how to spend money earned by others. His hair was long and like Custer's, a decided blonde, so much so that his complexion sug-

gested the name of "Pinky," the only name we knew him by. He met us at Painted Wood, about July 10th, having arrived on one of the fur company's upper river boats. His uniform was of the best and complete. When he sought an introduction to General Sully and staff, a greater contrast in dress, way out there on the wild plains could not well be imagined. Sully wore a full suit of dark blue corduroy and the only mark of his official position was a single star in front of a common Government hat. This only added to Pinky's importance, for he pulled out of his inside breast pocket a highly perfumed handkerchief of which he gave the General the full benefit by flaunting it in his face, in acknowledgment of the introduction. This somewhat staggered the old warrior of twenty-one years or more but not enough to prevent his telling Pinky that the government was short on mules to the extent that all officers and men had left or would leave at their first opportunity all superfluities and come down to straight fatigue dress.

Pinky's credentials were somewhat vague inasmuch as he had brought a commission hut had no assignment to a company. In the morning he appeared and joined the march in the garb of a half-breed guide, fully equipped with all their trappings and with tomahawk, sheath-knife and a brace of Colt's navies in his red sash around his waist, and a Springfield rifle lying across in front of him on an English saddle, which with blankets, coats, etc., nearly covered a very good horse. The way the outfit was put on and the uncertainty of his seat when the horse got out of a walk showed plainly it was his first experience on horseback. About ten o'clock we sighted quite a herd of buffalo crossing our front about half a mile ahead. Several soldiers who had been detailed as hunters gave chase. Pinky joined in, thinking, perhaps, that here was a chance to get a command and at the same time get to use his weapons, which would give him practice. His

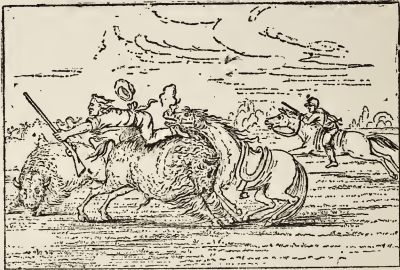
horse seemed to catch the spirit of the enterprise right away and by the time they were up to the buffalo Pinky was short nearly everything but the old Springfield rifle, which he was holding on to with one hand while the other hand was doing double duty, keeping hold of the bridle rein and at the same time keeping the horn of the saddle from getting too far away from him. Poor Pinky! One of the hunters shot a calf down through the back which caused it to bleat with pain. This caused its mother's mate to suddenly turn about and just in time to assist Pinky in a flying leap from his horse. Later the ambulance picked him up, more dead than alive, and when the first boat went down the river but little argument was necessary to convince Pinky that a recruiting station far from redskins and buffaloes was the most fitting place for him.

It had rained the day before. Everything in nature was busy and beautiful. The buffalo grass looked greener, the few birds, of the country watered by the Cannon Ball river, seemed to have a new purpose in life. The otter had been enjoying himself in the night by making new slides. The beaver also had put in new sticks to strengthen the dam that holds the waters still, so that the beaver family might have a place to sport close to home. However, be it said, pleasure is not all the motive of dam and pond, for if you will keep quiet a moment you will see emerging from the water near the bank, perhaps two or three adults with piles of mud upon their tails excavated from the home whose entrance is below the water line and extends upward and backward until dry ground is reached. Economy is an art with the beaver, he does nothing in vain. Nature provided him with a broad, flat tail, the size and shape of one's hand, and among many of its uses is to carry mud and dirt while enlarging its home and with the dirt to strengthen the dam. The tail is used as a trowel, also, and dexterously too, as the trapper can vouch for. The dam is the trapper's friend, as through

if he is able to catch the grown beaver. This is done by removing one of the nearly upright sticks slanting slightly down the river. All sticks are put in this way and are about twenty inches long. Setting the trap about a couple of inches below the surface of the water at the break in the dam is only a part of the scheme, for if the beaver is not immediately drowned or shot

slipping back and poor beaver is drowned.

The beaver is all work, while the otter is all play, and much more cunning, for no trapper ever yet caught an otter before the third day after setting the trap at the top or bottom of a fresh slide, and then all the work of the trapper has to be done in a canoe if possible. Neither hand or foot, un-



Pinky Makes A Sudden Change.

when caught he will with his sharp and powerful teeth cut off his own leg, leaving the trapper only the foot. To overcome this the trapper cuts a pole, say twelve feet long, and in trimming the limbs he leaves an inch of each one still on the pole. He puts the small end of the pole down into the bottom of the pond leaving a foot sticking out, slips the ring on the end of a two foot chain on the trap over the butt end of the pole. When the beaver is caught, he immediately dives, the ring slips down the pole to the bottom, but the limb stubs hold the ring from

less covered with fur, and of the otter, preferably, must touch the ground or trap.

But I started this as an Indian war story and continue it from the Little Cheyenne to the morning of July 19, 1864. Place: In camp near the mouth of the Cannon Ball river, at that time Montana Territory. General A. Sully commanding Seventeen Hundred Cavalry, fifty per cent. of which we met here, composed of Brackett's Battalion of two companies; Eighth Minnesota, six companies; Second Minnesota, two companies, which had come

across from Minnesota, and a battery of six pieces, (twelve pound howitzers,) three hundred and sixty wagons, one hundred and sixty of which belonged to emigrants. There was about four hundred and fifty non-descript men, women and children, who were trying, as some of them said, to "shunt the draft" by ringing in on us as an escort to some safe place in Idaho. It went against the grain some, as the majority of them were Southern sympathizers. One in particular, whose name was McCall, never lost an opportunity to impress on our minds that "if and if" he would have been in command of some of Quantrell's gang. The other extreme was a lady by the name of Liddle. She had two boys and one girl, ages nineteen, seventeen and fifteen respectively. She had given husband and one son to the Union cause, so she was taking the rest out of the way of temptation, as the boy's patriotism was always bubbling over, and even then the mother was always apologizing, thinking she was perhaps selfish in trying to save them for her old age.

That was a memorable expedition. There was more punishment meted out to the wily Sioux, the wild Dakotas of the North, and the Blackfeet, (the Sioux' new allies) in the same length of time than ever before in the history of Indian warfare.

General Alfred Sully was an old veteran of twenty-one years as an Indian fighter. In the early days he was General Harney's righthand man in many a hard fight including Ash Hollow. All this experience stood him well in hand for what was before him. Every man of us had seen at least one year's service against the greatest combination of hostile savagery that the great northwest ever produced. Our successes under him in '63 at Little Cheyenne, Swan Lake and White Stone Hill gave him confidence in us and we in him. Then there was Capt. Galligan, Maj. Brackett and Col. Pollock, officers of exceptional experience and ability, and Jack Anderson, the wagon master, with his whisper, a

dead shot with either a Colt's navy or a nine pound blacksnake, and his able assistant, Vanderburg, with a voice. Each had seen long service with the big freighters on the plains, in fact were born plainsmen, no frills anywhere along the line, no orders given but what were to be obeyed promptly. Early in the morning before boots and saddles I noticed Jack and his assistant Vanderburg, (we called him Van for short), putting numbers on the wagons. Those among the emigrants having men for drivers got the largest number and in consequence farther to the rear, while wagons like Mrs. Liddle's got the smallest. The order of march, where the topography of the country would permit, was in double column of wagons one hundred and fifty feet apart, emigrant alternating with government, according to number. There was a double purpose in this. First the enemy would not notice but that all were government wagons; second, and more important, the train would be kept closed up by government drivers and if a corral was to be formed to repel the enemy, every other man in the train would know what to do. In the advance there would be headquarters and body guard, and two companies as an advance guard, with four pieces of howitzer, the rearguard of two companies and two guns of the battery; the balance of the command divided on either flank, in platoons of eight, so as to cover the entire train. Before we had marched five miles I noticed McCall (we called him "Quant" for short) busy pouring some tale of woe into Jack's not overwilling ear. Jack was well up in the sign language and his replies were in those signs. Soon "Quant" sidled over to the flank leaving his wee little wife to do the driving. "Say? Is that the wagon hoss?" "Yup." "Can he talk?" "Yup." "Well I tried to tell him that I was not going to stand this mixup and I told him I always lead the train when we were alone." "What did he say?" "Nothin'. Just stuck his face and lips out as if he intended to spit on the

head-wagon and just as he left he snapped his three fingers and thumb many times holding his arm out straight as if he was snapping beans at my lead mules, then he pretty nigh lifted that off lead of mine out of the harness with that d—— whip of his'n. You notice she is still switching her tail. I guess she is warm, too, same as me. Say is that goin' to be common." "Yes; if you don't keep closed up. That's what he meant when he snapped imaginary beans at your leader.

ground and when they met, which was nearly always the case, a fight to a finish was in order. The Cheyennes, and the powerful Comanche often trespassed on these preserves, even the Apache would follow the buffalo on its annual trip to the sweet grasses of the far north; running the gauntlet of all these tribes, perhaps to return in a few days or weeks less in number and with no scalp, meat, or pony, as a recompense. This is ideal socialism carried to a final conclusion



The Start of the Massacre of New Ulm

His other sign was to go to headquarters with your troubles."

The second day we saw some fresh signs, evidently a small hunting party of Crow Indians. This country west and north has always been disputed ground between Crow, Sioux and Blackfeet, hence game was always plentiful on all the tributaries of the Missouri, Big Horn and Yellowstone, and this fact caused many parties of both tribes to venture on forbidden

with a perpetual armor of human selfishness that never can be eradicated—a survival of the fittest. The weak, slaves to the strong; women, and dogs, beasts of burden, nothing too degraded for them and nothing too exalted for the warrior and his steed, a law unto himself, if he can command the force. The very atmosphere is force and destruction: But to return:

Two days more of halts and investigations; scouts and hunters busy.

Tonight a rumor of a scout in force for tomorrow. In the night the pickets' horses show signs of the enemy near. This is known to the writer that if a buffalo, wolf or bear comes in range of smell, sight or hearing the horse will snort and run around, stop and feed and repeat, but if an enemy, the horse holds his head close to the ground, eyes and ears intent in the direction of the foe. He throws up his head two or three times, quietly walks up to the rider who is wrapped in his blanket, laying flat, and also on the lookout. The horse usually feeds some more, goes through the same motions, returns and this time paws close to you, too close sometimes. This is not enough. You throw your blanket across the saddle after tightening the girth, ride in towards the vidette two or three hundred yards, pull blanket and loosen girth and await developments, and report to relief, which comes every two hours. Every soldier on the plains in the enemy's country would prefer his horse as company in the night to that of ten men.

My diary says we marched six miles to Hart River, ran on to forty Sioux with two Crows as captives. In the skirmish that ensued we succeeded in saving the life of one of the Crows. Killed one Sioux who killed the other Crow, and took two ponies besides the prisoner and his horse. He proved valuable as guide until we got to the little Missouri. We proceeded immediately to entrench the train, leaving all but eight ambulances for ammunition, etc., including five days' cooked rations, and in light marching order. Two companies of the 8th Minnesota left to guard the corral. At three p. m. we were moving out at a good gait; made forty-five miles, camped two hours to feed, then up and away. Made thirty miles. At about 11 a. m. we arrived on the high ground overlooking Big Knife River. Here the enemy of 8,000 was in great force and two miles to the rear of them along the foothills arose thousands of white tepees, showing up like a mirage. Evidently they were not expecting com-

pany so soon, for many chiefs with swift-footed ponies flaunting white flags, rode up and down in front of us, for a parley in order to gain time, so the old men, children and squaws could dispose of the camp outfit and get away, but Sully was there, and on time. No flags of truce would be recognized. Twelve-pound shells from the six guns were dropping wherever a crowd of them congregated, a thing that an Indian cannot help doing. A charge by Brackett's Battalion on the right; then Maj. House's on the left. This double-backed their flanks; then more work for the shells. See those tepees melt away. Nearly one-half are down already but we were near enough to reach them with our battery. The ponies break away half loaded, and a charge all along the line completes the rout, excepting a few feeble stands on the right front of Brackett's two companies, (which by the way were independent and self-equipped, every man of them with a grievance against the Sioux; some member of their family having been massacred at New Ulm or on the Yellow Medicine in the spring of '62 in the general Indian uprising in Minnesota). They were the only ones using the saber and did so with good effect. Two or three went too far with over-confidence. One, a sergeant, appeared deranged, for he left his comrades behind, rushed into the thickest with saber and pistol, right and left every crack and whack a man. How badly the Indians wanted to take him alive. They deferred killing him for a more lingering and awful death. See them try to pull him off of his horse. His empty six-shooter is knocked out of his hand, his saber still working over time, his horse is cut and slashed, but he will not down. At last his comrades come to his rescue, but too late, several arrows piled horse and rider in one heap. In the fall his saber point had stuck in the ground, the weight of the horse on haft had broken it. The poor sergeant was bleeding from every pore when lifted up, but not dead. "Tell the folks I am satisfied" as he pointed back over his bloody trail.

"They paid a good price for Bella," said he, clutching at one of the many arrows that were causing his immediate death. He turned half around and with a dazed look at his horse, who had turned up his head and with a look of recognition pawed the air feebly with one forefoot, "Poor Bob," he said, and all was over. (Bella was the name of his wife who fell a victim at New Ulm.)

3:30 p. m.—Only an occasional shot

western Fur Company has the United States. These poles form a large part of their intertrade. They are peeled and are thirty-five and forty feet long, two inches at bottom, one and one-half inch at the top, six of each making a set, costing thirty-six dollars. A set is for one tepee, which when down, the poles make two trayvoirs, one each for two ponies. A trayvoir is made of six poles top ends tied together and to the saddle of the pony, the



The Brave Rides in Ease with Spear and Shield, the Wife Leads the Burdened Pony and Carries the Youngest Pappoose and Dog, besides Water for All.

broke the oncoming silence. Destruction parties were being detailed whose duty it was to pile and burn anything of value to the enemy. The most valuable and the hardest to replace were the tepee poles. These are of tamarack, very stiff, strong and straight, grown in a thick swamp forest of the far northwest; the Dease Lake country furnishing the best. The Hudson Bay Company has control of all the Canadian country, while the North-

other ends drag and are spread apart about five feet, half each side of the pony. One-third of the distance from where the poles drag on the ground a net work of raw-hide on a loose folding frame is placed, this keeps the poles in place and holds the belongings. In this way a pony can haul five or six hundred pounds with ease. Next in value comes tepee covers, meat and marrow. Two hundred tons of the latter two, went up in smoke. The

meat was dry, mostly buffalo, nothing but the bones and hair get away from the Indian hunter. The bladders are blown up and when dried are filled with the marrow, mixed with other fats and oils, and never gets rancid. This was much prized by the soldiers as butter. The meat is in perfishes made of raw-hide, folded like an envelope and holding one hundred pounds of the dried article. This meat is gathered in late spring, summer and

and when killed the entrails are removed, the blood-hot liver is sliced into strips and eaten raw, then a fire cooks the entrails, the most delicate morsel of all. This would suffice for a meal if the animal was a large deer or antelope. The carcass is leaned up against a rock or hung in a low tree nearby. Perhaps it is near night when he returns with not a bite for anyone, a few instructions as to location and that ever ready beast of burden, the



A Glimpse of the Bad Lands from the Little Missouri.

early fall, and only the bull buffalo are killed, at these times of the year, and their skins are good only for raw-hide. The cows are reserved for their robes and are killed in winter when furs are best.

It was wicked to destroy the work of a lifetime, and every particle of that work done by the poor over-worked squaws. I despise a buck Indian, cruel and selfish, with no thought of the sufferings of family. His own necessities compel him to hunt; not the necessities of his family. Perhaps it is miles before he sights the game

squaw with her carrying straps takes her little dog trot which is not broken until game is reached. Perhaps she will have to drive off the coyotes or wolves, if so then what was left of the wind-pipe and lights that were left on the dying embers as her share is gone. No time for regrets. One end of the strong strings is made fast to the game, the other ends to the broad strap of buck-skin that crosses the forehead, then by dint of hard work she gets under the animal, balances it on her hips, and almost bends double, with the cords and veins of her neck standing out

like ropes; perhaps there are five miles before her, but all things have an end, the tepee is reached, the game skinned and prepared for drying, bones and head boiled and if the lord and master cannot eat it all the balance of the family gets some after he gets through. I despise a Sioux most.

The next day finished the havoc. We lost two killed and five wounded; buried two hundred and eight Indians; took no prisoners, destroyed the outfit of over seven thousand warriors and returned the sixth day. Train all right, but "Quant" was in trouble and under guard, treason and wife beating was the charge. One day's rest was enough for the ever restless Sully. Nothing of moment until August 7th.

About noon we came to the south bluff above the little Missouri river, which borders on the bad lands. So far pen has failed to describe them. They are like a vast, desolate city, made of scoria, mostly spires and domes, made up of all styles of architecture and in all shades of red and brown, with now and then an undisturbed strata of schist and grey sandstone. Our released prisoner, the Crow, was our only guide. In a way he laid out our course. We then wound our tortuous way down into the river bottom to camp. The bottom was, perhaps, half a mile wide, the stream meandering from side to side; now and then a cottonwood tree, say one or two to the acre, and about an equal number of clumps of buffalo brush, say ten or twenty feet over, studded the green grassy sward.

The first thought of a soldier is his horse, and the best is none too good if you can get there first. The hot August weather makes a bath the next thing desired. A general scamper is in order. I for one, however, was inquisitive as to the geological formation across the valley under close observation. I climbed to a strata of sandstone which overlooked the whole camp, and obtained a pretty view. After a surfelt, I cut in the soft sandstone "A. N. J., Aug. 7th, 186—" I never completed that six. A rapid fusillade

up the valley stopped all proceedings in the carving line and with my old navy in hand I began to get out of sight, and headed for camp. The shooting became general, yet I could see nothing but naked bathers with clothes in one hand and pistol in the other making for the same place. Some of them had come in contact with the thorns of the buffalo brush, which gave the impression to me of their being wounded. No enemy in sight, however. Occasionally a horse had pulled his stake-pin and was looking for the biggest crowd of horses. From tree to bush I gradually worked to the center of the valley, when I saw Burdick's mare, of my company, coming full tilt, wild with fright, with an Indian lying across her back. Her course would cross mine, near a large cottonwood ten feet away. I lost no time in using it as a cover. The Indian's head was on the opposite side of the mare from me, his left hand twisted in her mane. This gave me the advantage. In sixty feet more they were going from me; it took a good shot to miss the horse and hit the Sioux. At the first fire they were out of sight. My curiosity was towards my own horse and camp. I met Burdick looking for his horse and told all. He choked up considerably—a man hates to lose his best friend in the middle of a desert, especially if it places him afoot. Quiet prevailed. When account of stock was taken our poor Crow guide was dead, and Jack with an arrow in the fleshy part of his arm. He and the Crow had gone up the bottom to find an outlet when attacked in force. Two reconnoitering parties were detailed, outposts were stationed; evidently our progress was going to be fought most stubbornly. The heavily reinforced enemy of the Big Knife River could not have selected a more desirable place to bottle us up.

"Here is your mare, Burdick, a-bleeding," someone shouted. He was no more interested than I. Sure enough she was there, white with foam and trembling in every limb. A six shoot-

er ball had plowed a furrow about four inches long on top of and in the center of her rump. While the rest of the detail was getting saddled I slipped over there to see if I could find the real target where I last saw it. Something had thrown the mare out of her course suddenly, as in her side plunge she tore up the ground as if dragging something; that was all. I saw but little blood. It might have been shed by the mare, I don't know yet which. In the morning we knew that there was something coming to us. Skirmishing all night; some of it quite heavy. We had succeeded in getting two pieces and their caissons, with proper support, into position to cover our advance. The train of three hundred and sixty wagons strung out in single file, flanked on either side by a thin line of platoons, ready for any emergency. The most valuable thing to an Indian warrior, is a piece of looking glass, or isinglass set in a piece of wood. This is used to signal and is understood by all of them. To mass, scatter, or charge, would be flashed continually from some part of the horrible field before us. They evidently believed our train would embarrass us so that we would loose some or all of it in their many dashes to cut off a portion. Some less used to such scenes would think the jig was up. The emigrants began to get worried. Mrs. Liddle offered us herself and boys if we would arm them. "The girl could drive," she said. Some of the rest of the emigrants began to loosen up and were only too glad to obey orders. Forty or fifty of the Reds would strike our flanks in two or three places at one time but would loose their heads and often never shoot an arrow (they had but few guns). What evidently disturbed them most was because we used our carbines for long range when they were going and coming; when close the six-shooters, and most every one had an extra cylinder, so was seldom without a shot. One poor Indian lost his life without even making a motion of defense. There was about thirty-five in this bunch in the

charging party. One was afoot before he got to us. His curiosity was satisfied, he left pony and everything and put back, the rest broke through just ahead of an ambulance driven by our hospital steward. Loy, by name, except one. His pony shied and tried to go between the mules and the ambulance over the double trees. The momentum and the sudden stop of the pony threw the rider in and across the seat beside the driver, when Loy pulled the trigger the muzzle of his shooting-iron was under the Red-skin's arm pit, hence he and his pony struck the ground about the same time. Another one when his pony fell struck on all fours and ran like a dog for twenty yards or more before he got on his feet. He did not get past the opposite flank; the rest did however, with some wounds among horses and riders. (It is surprising how little execution is done by sixteen men at close range to what one would expect.)

At noon there was a halt, the artillery's loud-mouthed roar showed us that a stand had been made in front by the enemy, but it only proved temporary. These stands became amusing at times; they would come out from cover, their naked bodies glistening with war-paint and perspiration making the most grotesque contortions and all kinds of threatening and insulting gestures, but one or two cases of grape or canister and a carbine volley or two from the advance guard, and every one of them was out of sight like so many prairie dogs or ground squirrels. They were great cowards but very cunning. It was over two hours since the last demonstration; plenty of time to issue ammunition and re-load cylinders and time to think of self. There was considerable inquiry about water, the excitement of the morning was responsible for the neglect of our canteens. Inquiry of ambulance drivers disclosed the fact that the water sacks were nicely folded under the drivers' seat like so many life preservers under your berth on a steamer, and about as useless.

Plenty of water, no need of sacks; no water, sacks of no use. Those zigzag flashes and all other kinds of flashes from many points portend trouble at some points. Jack thought it would be the rear as he knew something of their heliographic signals. Two from each flank platoons halted and let the rear come up so as to reinforce it without show or severely weakening the flank; the rear was nearing a par-

sides. The enemy lost heavily in killed and wounded; forty-five surrendered as prisoners. These prisoners were all Blackfeet, the first tilt we ever had with them. There were two thousand of them, the prisoners said. One thousand ponies was the price of their help to the Sloux and all the pickings. The two twelve-pounders with grape and canister mowed down their ponies like grass. One or two



Our Crow Guide Was Scalped Alive.

ticularly rough section of this the roughest country ever traïn passed over, and where the least possible number of men could be brought to bear at a given point. Everything was timed just right by the officers and not a bit too soon, for every rock or possible cover on both flanks of the rearguard gave up what seemed to be thousands of yelling, whooping and shooting red-skins, swinging buffalo robes and blankets. If anything will make a mule or American horse stam-pede quicker than a grizzly it is a naked, yelling Sloux in full warpaint, swinging an old smoky, greasy buffalo robe in his face. For a few minutes you wish you had no horse. Ten minutes of red-hot work showed us that casualties were considerable on all

more raids like the last and they would all be afoot. Our loss was one killed, three severely wounded, eight slightly. The rear fourteen wagons had suffered quite a bit; many of the mules had feathered out with arrows plentifully; five wagons were tipped over by their leaders doubling back; three or four other teams were piled up in bad places. We found little Mrs. "Quant" trying to pull the high lead mule's head from under the fore wheel of their wagon. The poor little woman was crying; it was that low grief-stricken cry of despair. "Where's your husband?" said Colby. She pointed up to the wagon without looking up, "Dead," said she and still pulling at the mule. Why she could not pull a kitten out of that place. We were

sorry for her, even if we did not like him. It was the work of a moment for many willing hands to right up her team. Everything was bustle, bustle; "move on!" was the word. Colby got on the seat with her and had gone about fifty yards when a groan came from the wagon. The surgeon and assistant were busy as bees, dressing wounds of the wounded and placing them in the ambulances. Surgeon Camborn was rough but kind when kindness was merited, and business clear through. A motion from Colby brought the ambulance and surgeon up alongside Quant's wagon. The cover opened at the rear and an examination was made. It developed that during the fight Quant must have been lying on his face in the blankets, but was not thin enough by an inch, to miss an arrow which came through the cover just at the top of the side-board. The arrow entered about twenty inches above the back of the knee and passed through about three inches of meat and skin. To cut the point off and pull out the stem was but the work of a moment, then a search for the serious wounds begun. This resulted in the doctor ordering Quant to get out and limber up, and as he passed Colby, said, "See that he does. If he don't want to, trail him." That meant to put a halter round his neck and tie him to the back of the wagon. How patiently we waited to hear that "Haw-haw-haw-hee-ha-ha-ha-a-a" of the lead mule teams. That would be a sure sign of water, but no such good news, for the wagon bosses were already corralling the wagons; rations of hardtack and bacon for two days was given, and water promised for some time next day. The juniper bush was a shrub and all the wood in the country. It grows about five or six feet high and is more of a runner than tree and a fine cover for anybody or thing. Fifteen minutes of shell practice on those bunches of brush within a mile of us developed some fine sprinting in various directions, this shelling was kept up at intervals during the night, wherever

a light or spark could be seen. There was no other excitement during the night, except, of course, the usual scares on the picket line.

"Sleep, sweet restorative," what a travesty on the truth! When lying on your arms in line of battle, all the hell of the day is distilled into nightmares, where all kinds of horrible deaths and tortures are ever inflicted upon you. If these horrors could kill it might account for the report, "found dead in his blankets only slightly wounded." How thankful for daylight! It cannot have the sufferings of the last eight hours. Even the thirst, which is harder to endure than starvation, is condoned by a light in the east. You can cheerfully say, "Damn them, let them come, but give us no more of the night." By eight o'clock we are strung out, the wounded and children are moaning for water. Some begin to talk thick from swelling of the tongue, for, remember, this is the ninth day of August, with August heat intensified by the reflection of the red and brown conglomeration of all kinds of lava, scoria, cinders and rock thrown into a promiscuous whole. (We named it the "Devil's Furnace Room.") Up to ten-thirty there was nothing doing on the rear left flank. "Look," said Charlie Griffith of our squad, "Isn't that water!" pointing about a quarter of a mile to the left in an amphitheater bounded by rocky and almost perpendicular bluffs. "An Indian flashing his glass," said Park. "There is willows at the bottom, that's a good sign of water anywhere," said Drinkleman. "Flashing thunder! Get out! That's water you haven't seen an Indian today. That's water, sure," said Charley. In a jiffy Charley and I had eight empty canteens on our necks. It was pretty rough at our point, so we retraced our steps about sixty yards to get around the point or spur. In five minutes I was holding two canteens in the pool while Charley stayed on his horse as lookout. I put my foot on one so I could get a drink with my hand; when full, I

passed them up to Charlie. Two more were more than half full when my horse stopped drinking and without raising his head, fixed his eyes intently on some object he could see under Charlie's horse. This act caused me to look, and I caught a glimpse of a pony passing an open space. "Charley!" shouted I, pointing with my thumb. I was in the saddle none too soon for the Reds fairly swarmed from the rocks, then came a race for life. "Let's take to the bluff and leave our horses," said I, "they can only follow afoot." "No; I will stay with my horse," said he. They evidently expected to take us alive for but few arrows came. When I had to leave "Selem" there was a twinge that was hard to overcome but I was sure that the redskins would cut us off if we returned the way we came and besides we would be in danger of falling to the rear of the rearguard. The boys had gone on. If we could have attracted the rearguard they would cover our retreat. No; the bluff or hill was too high until they came to the point we left, for them to see us. The trip looked tough even on foot. My carbine was in the holster, I had hung my belt and saber on it, when I got off to fill the canteens and as soon as we started we drew our revolvers but only for close work and not to waste. It looked cowardly to leave Charlie but I thought my judgment the best, so dismounted at the rocks and commenced to climb. Soon five or six of the Indians followed suit—I took one shot which checked them a bit; to my surprise my horse had no trouble in keeping up with me, in fact I had trouble in keeping out of his way sometimes. If I was ten feet ahead of him he would nicker and clamber and almost fall over backwards if his foot gave way. I was in hopes I would not hear the bark of Charlie's six shooter, for as long as he was not shooting he was safe because he would not shoot unless crowded, and I was having troubles of my own to keep from being flanked on the left. They began to shoot rapidly and uncomfortably close.

This showed me that they thought they were about to lose me. They evidently did not seem to like my shooting, for some of it was close. It is singular that you can hit squirrels with a six-shooter even at a greater distance but not always an enemy; a squirrel cannot shoot back, perhaps that might make the difference. At this point I was attracted by the sound of a sharp fusillade from Charlie's direction; he had finally left his horse, about two-thirds of the way down. The rearguard had been attracted by his or my occasional shot and came to his rescue or perhaps I might say to insure his death, for when the guard came in sight and gave the red-skins a volley, they concentrated their entire fire on poor Charlie. However in their attempt to get him and his horse as a trophy they paid dearly indeed. It looked so easy to them at first, and to be cheated out of their prey when they could have got both of us on the start, their chagrin and wounded pride caused them to make the best stand yet, according to numbers. It is needless to add my pleasure on gaining the top of the bluff and without loss. It took but a moment to pull through and out of Selem's lower lip, (it always did hang floppy-like,) the only arrow that took effect enough to draw blood. Then my old carbine commenced to work full time, as long as a red was in sight. "Poor Charlie! I guess he's done for!" I saw the boys helping him to an ambulance, his horse following. Soon Camborn was on the spot and everything done that could be. Somehow I could not see him just yet. I was thinking if he had taken my route with me would we have both gotten away or did the fates make him a sacrifice to save me.

The fiend incarnate is embodied in a Sioux; everything he does is tinged with it. Their arrows are made to kill, if not immediately, later on. The points are of steel furnished by the traders. They are two and one-half inches long over all, the smooth haft one-half inch long three-eighths of an



"Come and See Us, If You Dare."

inch wide. This goes in the cleft of the stem; the barb or widest place is five-eighths of an inch, tapering to a sharp point. The points are fastened in the split in the end of the stem with sinew put on wet, this is done by the squaws shredding the sinew and soaking it in their mouths with some glutinous substance extracted by chewing moose-wood bark or the slippery elm. These threads of sinew are wrapped around the split stem and smooth haft of the point when inserted, but never tied. When wrapped they are laid away to dry. Afterwards the stems are grooved on three sides, sometimes in a spiral form, perhaps one turn in the length of the arrow. These grooves are for the purpose of letting the blood run freely. The stem of the arrow is made of arrowwood corresponding somewhat to our buck brush, very straight and strong and about three-eighths of an inch thick. The string end is notched to fit the bow string which is made also of sinew. Besides the notch a split feather is fastened half on each side. This insures straight flight in shooting. When the point enters the flesh and does not pass through the body the blood soon soaks the sinew wrappings loose, and leaves the point in the wound when the stem is withdrawn to corrode and annoy and probably finally kill.

Two p. m.—But little doing. The shells seem to be enough to keep them off. What quickens those teams way up there near the head. Some of them are trotting. Ah! the ever welcome song of the mule. That is water sure. They seem to be terribly piled up. The drivers have lost control. Zounds! what a mixup! I see men crawling from under the wagons and mules, with some water in their hats. There is necessity for someone in authority here. The thought is supplied at once. Wagon bosses are running down the line. "Tie your leaders to the wagon in front. Take ropes and pull those wagons back out of that pond hole. Officer of the Guard, put a guard around that water. Let none but the

detail pass. Officer of the Day detail five men from each company to issue water. Have them bring up all the water sacks, mess kettles and pans. Water your stock and men sparingly. I think in a couple of hours from now there will be no danger of drinking too much." There was a twinkle in Sully's eye when he made the last remark—sure enough in that time they had had enough. It seemed that all the water fowl of the northwest roosted there nights. The redskins had taken special delight in letting their ponies stand in it to cool their fevered limbs. Then they stirred it up by running through it, etc., even our own mules that had got into it did not help it any. To commence with, the pond was scarcely one hundred by two hundred feet, and not to exceed three feet in the deepest place and not more than half water. You could not believe that the second drink was the same. However we filled the sacks with settled water, made so by dusting flour on the top of full mess kettles and pans. By morning the flour carried all the dirt to the bottom, but forgot to take the flavor, Nobody seemed to care for coffee in the morning—at least not much.

This is the third night of cold creeps and night horses. I was glad I was on picket duty. It was a change. We consumed three hours of daylight before we began to move. It took the entire force to dislodge the enemy (I suppose they thought we had not enough of that water) but when the break came it was a rout to a finish. Our little howitzers never threw as much old iron in a given time. Not a man Jack of us was losing any time either, I tell you. Without a charge we pressed them back until they had no courage left. It was really a slaughter. One they never recovered from. They waited until 1874 to get even a little revenge when they massacred the over-ambitious Custer. We did not stop to count or bury the dead. Probably six hundred would have been an under-estimate. We recovered a white woman, prisoner of theirs in '65.

She said there was more than a thousand slain in the three days' fight. Four miles farther revealed the reason for the grand stand. The country was getting open and good charging ground, with plenty of good grass and good water, a stranger to us since we crossed the little Missouri. Two miles farther we came in sight of beautiful

but I think I'll beat them yet. How is my horse?" said he. "All right," said some one near. What a godsend a willing woman is around the sick or wounded. Mrs. Liddle and about seven or eight others of the emigrants were simply tireless and seemed to be everywhere.

August 12th—Two p. m.—Found us



A Crow Chief, "Teopamaza," or "Walking Elk."

springs, gushing out of many places. Streams a foot through—and such water! We named it "Cold Springs," and camped there all day and night. Twenty of us immediately filled our canteens and took them to the sick and wounded. The sighs of relief that went up when all knew the fight was over. No more thirst in the Bad Lands for us. I saw Charlie, he was looking bright, but talking gave him pain. One lung had been pierced. He drank heartily from my canteen. "Not as good as that back there," he said, with a faint smile. "I wish I had stayed with you, Al. They played with me like a cat does with a mouse,

at the Yellowstone river, sixty miles above its mouth. The little steamer West Wind arrived that day. That accounted for the rockets sent up at headquarters last night. The men and traps crossed to the other side on the boat; in the evening we swam our horses over and by 10 o'clock the next day everybody was eating elk, deer or buffalo, for a better place for game in all varieties I believe no man ever saw. At 2 p. m., courtmartial was in session. "Quantrell" was on the grid. Verdict of "Guilty as Charged." Charge 1, Trying to incite soldiers to mutiny and steal train when camped at Heart River. 2nd, Wife beating. Sen-

tenced: second count, thirty lashes on bareback. First count: to be drummed out of camp. Sentence to be put into effect immediately. Boots and saddles blew, then assembly call. We formed in two ranks fifty yards apart facing each other. One of the howitzers was run out into the center and on right of line. The prisoner was lead out and shirt removed, then tied on cannon face down, hands and legs tied under. Jack, with that persuader of his with a new buckskin cracker, about two inches wide and four long, diamond-shaped, was detailed to execute the sentence on second charge. Before the command was given he kind of got the distance, or range, and at the command he gave that blacksnake an over and down lick and just before landing a sudden jerk back. You could hear every lick the entire length of the line. It was like a pistol shot. Before many strokes his back began to look like a railroad map of the State of Illinois, the tip of the popper making the principal stations. At first every mark looked white and puckery, then swollen and red, but little blood run. "Quant" always yelled just before the whip reached the mark. It was not over forty seconds in executing the sentence, then he was cut loose and on his way down the river between two squads of soldiers with fixed bayonets to the tune of the "Rogue's March." Disgraced before his fellows; but he preferred what he got to death, the extreme punishment for treason.

August 13th—This morning a detail of two from each company to hunt. Limit: Five elk, ten deer or antelope and two buffalo; every company to take care of its own meat, no more hunting allowed indiscriminately. This prevents much wasting of meat, by only taking the best, leaving the rest to spoil. One thing, the disposition of a man to save his horse will prevent him from killing too many when detailed for the purpose. When anything becomes a duty the pleasure is lost.

Emigrants were working on the ninety buffalo and eleven elk which

proved a surplus of this morning's hunt.

A burying party is detailed, graves for five were made. Poor Charlie died this morning. I never see a canteen but what I think of him. A grave is dug between two cottonwoods that are perhaps twenty inches through and twelve feet apart, they are blazed and just the names cut on. Then company A's horse line is stretched half on each side so the horses will tramp the dirt down making it look alike for the four hundred feet the length of the line. This will be a blind so the redskins can not find the remains to dig up and mutilate as is their custom.

The river is falling, which causes the little steamer "West Wind" to pull out for below. It takes the Blackfeet prisoners to Fort Randall. Company A (my company) and Company K, are detailed as escorts to the emigrants. I would much rather continue to the Milk River country with the main body. There will be too much picket and scout duty to insure a ride back to civilization. The farther one gets from home the more he thinks of his horse. One good thing, Jack goes along as wagon and quarter-master sergeant. Captain Galligan, Major-by-brevet, in command; none better.

August 14th—7:30 a. m.—Start out with new life, new country and new Indians. We will keep the north bank until we reach Clark's Fork, this will avoid the large rivers (like the Powder Tongue, and Big Horn) that empty into the Yellowstone, from the south side, and again, the north side is not so rough.

August 17th—Camped on Little Porcupine; met some Crow Indians, which we take along as guides, they had no warpaint, and had heard of our recapture of one of them and seemed delighted at the drubbing we gave their old enemy, the Sioux. Our charts and maps were poor. We are going to work from this on with scouts and signals. This is done by sending two parties, each, one hour

ahead. They find good crossing of streams, canyons or swamps, etc. The scouts, after determining the proper place to go, send one of their number to a point of high ground to be seen by the train. If road and crossing is good, he rides at right angles with the train two or three times back and forth, about ten steps each time. When he halts he stops facing the side of him the train should go, if he dismounts,

an arrow is marked on the ground with point towards game. The scout does all the necessary preparation for loading the meat.

August 19th—Met a large party of Crows who seem to be friendly, but we never allow but a few in or around our camp. We tell them that at night we can not tell them from Sioux or Blackfeet and we shoot them on sight. No matter how friendly an Indian ap-



"Iron Blanket."

help is needed either to remove timber, rocks or an enemy. If the route is bad and too difficult two men take the high point, turn round and round a few times, after receiving answering recognition, ride away in the direction the train should go and stop at the pass the train is to make. The scouts kill the game in places handy to get. A piece of cloth on a stick is placed where it can be seen. A stick broken nearly in two in the middle with the break pointing in the direction of game. If no stick is handy

appears to be they belong to a race of hereditary thieves. They will almost steal rocks because they are in your camp if nothing else offers. Orders to give them nothing, not even a chew. Our scouting signal service is working well, saves lots of trouble and time, equal so far to ten miles a day extra.

August 22d—Every day a repetition of the other. Crossed the river and made five miles, up Clark's Fork. Can see Snow Mountain country, showing up rough, ahead. Met a new breed of

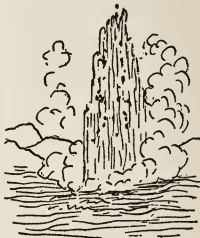
dogs. "Shoshones," the dirty, greasy things call themselves. They were like pet coons, all over you—in your clothes, everywhere. One was caught stealing a bridie, he was tried with great ceremony and was sentenced to three lashes. He was tied to the only piece we had with us. Explanations in full were given to the fifty or more Indians. It was three lashes for the first offense, twenty the next, and so on, Jack delivered the three messages to "Iron Blanket" in the usual way, with neatness and dispatch. The rate the Indian was going when he was turned loose would take him out of the country before night. The North American Indian has an inalienable right, handed down from the date of their socialistic system, to lick, strike, beat or persecute his squaw, but to get his own medicine puts him on a level with her; the most degrading thing in existence. There is no adjective in the English language that is so liable to work up the feelings of an Indian as to be called a squaw.

August 23d—Jack's blacksnake is the key to the situation. No visitors today except at long distance.

August 24th—Here our Crow guides left us; for hourly we hear the voice of the Great Spirit, as they call it. They told us an awful tale of this section. No Indian dare venture nearer this mighty cough or sneeze than the Bear Tooth Mountain on the east or the Shoshone Lakes at the head of the Yellowstone on the south. I guess there is something in it for game is as tame as domestic animals and exceedingly plentiful, particularly bear, the Cinnamon, Silver Tip and Grizzly. They are all tough customers to kill. You have got to hit them in a vital spot while they are in good humor for when mad from wounds they seem able to, carry off all the lead you can give them. The emigrants are beginning to sing. They have had but few breakdowns and fortunately are not over-loaded. A quaint old fellow about forty-five, by the name of Holt, keen and with good judgment, seems by common consent to direct the interior

affairs of the emigrants. Mrs. Liddle told Sargent Sudt that Holt was Mrs. Quant's brother and but for strong influence he would have shot Quant at Heart River. This explains the reason why there was no more fuss when the sentence of the courtmartial was put into effect. No; I don't care for bear meat as a regular diet. The paws rolled in grass and leaves and roasted in the ashes is the only part for me—as good or better than pig's feet or beaver tail.

The scouts have stopped, we are too



The Giant of the Fire-hole Basin.

far to the left, they await our coming. What is up, I wonder? We can only see a mountainous front, a part of the old Rockies but that gigantic cough and roar is getting awe-inspiring, indeed. We instinctively stop with the scouts, for, before us, is the great Fire Hole basin lying on our right, the Shoshone Lakes to the left. A stop is ordered for a couple of days to find a pass over to the Snake or Salmon river. This is indeed a wonderful country. Every returning scout reports new finds or wonders, for a space of twenty or thirty miles is dot-

ted with the most interesting of geysers, one in particular like a sleeping giant and what a snore. You are fearful he will choke to death but about every hour he throws off accumulative phlegm of rock, mud and water to the height of two hundred feet or more, and what a sulphurous breath. Then there are smaller giants with only the hiccoughs and then there are those sulphur springs, beautifully terraced, radiant with many colors. Every voice seems to be hushed in this awful presence. No wonder the Indians are superstitious. It is indeed uncanny.

August 27th—Crossed the Yellowstone near the Lake, find evidences of white men but the blazes are very old. May be the work of some explorer or trapper—anyway the trail is not a good wagon road for we find many hard places and had to leave the old trail many times. Left our eight wagons and Company K at the lake; issued two days' rations to escort Company. I don't think I ever saw such a genuinely friendly parting after such an introduction. Some of the boys would have liked a discharge at this point, no doubt, for there were pretty girls and windows aplenty. All had become as members of a common family. We camped on the head of Madison and Snake rivers, the former running north and a branch of the Missouri, the latter south. In fact in a radius of ten miles you could find water running to all points of the compass. Ten a. m. left the future settlers of Idaho with many regrets, and yet, like a large family, they had been a great burden to us at times. Returned to our late camp. The bears had stampeded some of K's horses. Just curiosity, that was all on the part of the silver-tips. An early morning start; found the Crow guides' camp at four p. m. They looked pleased to see us. The Shoshones had been inquisitive during our absence; not over-friendly, anyway. It is true that the guides are of little use to us except, perhaps, as interpreters; then you have to guess half, as the Crows could talk but little better English

than we could Crow. We are indeed making time, running three days going into, two coming back. We will head for the Mussel Shell tomorrow; getting out of rough country but water is not so good. Elk and deer more plentiful but a good piece of common hog, well smoked is good enough for me just now. Nothing but fancy buffalo humps, with plenty of bacon fat to baste it, goes now with



Cut Head Chief, "Ee-Ti-Tonka;" or "Big Buffalo"

any of us. Too much game, too much game! Hard tramp; grass getting dry. Have had but two showers since we left the Cannon Ball and one of them was hail or what is nearer the fact a fall of ice in chunks and such lightning,—sheet after sheet the vibrations were terrific, three cases of stunned, one serious; but in an hour the sun was out, birds and men began to sing. Song is catching among soldiers. Those that never sing alone, are the loudest to join the chorus.

Sept. 2nd.—Crossed the Mussel

Shell at Elk Creek; some bad quicksand but all safe over. Met some brand new ones but they looked tough, head and face all scars; some were fresh wounds, must have been the work of knife, as the tomahawk would have been fatal to many I saw. 'Him do um,' said one of our Crows, "Cut Head." They soon left, evidently wanted to flaunt their bravery in

when touched will stick to you. The horse's nose suffers most. If it were not so cruel, their attempts to try to get rid of them would be amusing.

Sept. 4th.—Cross the divide on to Judith Creek. More "Cut-Heads." Their self-disfigurement spoiled their faces. You could not tell whether they were laughing or crying, and no one ever saw a full grown Indian do



"Cheschenaseppa," or "Bright Beads."

our faces. The nights are getting cold for one blanket. Improvidence, thy name is a soldier. During warm summer one blanket is enough; throw the rest away or trade for moccasins. Camped on the head of Elk Creek. According to the rodometer we are making an average of twenty-eight miles a day, the best ever for so long a march. The horses seem to have trouble with the sand cactus which grows in the short grass. These cacti seem to be rolling around and have no hold on the ground. The stickers

either. Scouts are stringing out, showing country good for good marching. Camp on old Missouri. Looks like home. Water very low; will try to cross in the morning.

Sept. 5th.—What next? Of all the things in human shape these are the summit. We had not moved five miles when we came upon one of the many small lakes in which this country abounds. Near it a camp of forty families were drying meat, dressing hides, etc. Talk about philo-progenitiveness! The papposes have a piece

of board eight inches wide, eighteen inches long, one-half of an inch thick, strapped onto their forehead at an angle of forty-five degrees for twenty months or more. This flattens it to the eyebrows in front and forces the brains and soft skull back of the ears. You can conceive of nothing so grotesque as the abnormal growth of the back of the head and the absence of a forehead. They offer no explanation but there is one coming from somewhere. These Flatheads and Cut-heads are indifferent allies of the Blackfeet, our Crows say, but will bear watching. Well, we are doing that out of curiosity. Our reputation has gone before. I guess our Shoshone thief turned when he got out of sight and brought the news to these people. It takes but little talk to keep them out of our camp.

Sept. 6th and 7th—Made good time. Game getting scarce.

Sept. 8th—Saw some horsemen, about thirty in number. All grey horses—this would indicate soldiers. They have not seen us yet, for they are going southeast. Saw a few antelope, but they were wild. Can see Bear Paw Mountain in the distance. Grass better; must have had rain lately. Seen no more of the grey horses, but two bull elk came tearing through the lines. They were outpacing the best horses. It takes lots of shooting to get two elks; I think not less than two hundred shots. In the excitement we did not see a bunch of grey horses coming over the rise of the ground from the direction the elk came, "Hurrah for Company H!" "Hurrah for Companies A and K!" Then we knew the expedition had been camping on Milk River for a week, near old Fort Assiniboine. The balance of Company H was camped just over the ridge near a small lake. We put the two elk in the wagons and were soon with them. It appears the Sioux allies, the Blackfeet, had returned as quick, or quicker, than General Sully, and had organized large war-parties to annoy him. Company H was out for a party that had stam-

ped a few horses. The horse-guard had got busy at a game of "draw." The Indians took a hand and drew thirteen horses before they could be routed. The old, old story. There was never a white man killed or a horse stolen by an Indian, except in battle, but what carelessness and neglect was the cause. Never, in nearly four years' experience in Indian fighting, do I recall one instance to the contrary. There is much less danger when you see them daily than when you have not seen them for a week or more. The longer out of sight the more vigilance is necessary.

Sept. 10th—Made old Fort Assiniboine, a fur-trading post on Milk River. The fur company should be rich, indeed, for between Lake Superior on the East, Canadian River on the South, Astoria on the West and as far as the Hudson Bay Company would let them come on the North. With hundreds of these forts and the many small tribes as slaves that have been whittled down by their stronger enemies—so small that annihilation would be their fate without some protection. This fort takes its name from a tribe of that name from Canadian territory. Poor things! their star of greatness has set, they are the slaves of the fur company. They raise corn and vegetables, are used as interpreters and as runners to bring in hunting parties of Indians who have skins or meat to trade. In time they may get the crumbs that fall from the table. There is no sex now among them, all are squaws. The scalp-lock of the brave, with its eagle feathers and beads, has been combed out, humiliation and despair mark the faces of all. A fitting finality of socialism. The only pleasure of life that comes to them is to recount to themselves the deeds of valor of their forefathers, perhaps secretly bringing forth, as a miser his gold, to gloat over, a few dried and shrunken scalp-locks, taken from an enemy long ago. Perhaps the squaw will put another bead or two on as a decoration. Grewsome to us in the extreme, but, like the miser's golden

eagles, they are the pleasure of their present, and also tell the glories of their past. It is convenient for the fur company to have within hailing distance a company or two of soldiers, not so much for protection as for trade. Their methods of trading are certainly unique. These tribe remnants, like the Assiniboines, Grovants, Mandans, Vinetrias and Dog Soldiers, from Forts Benton, Assiniboine, Union, Buford and Berthold are distributed about equal distance for fif-

is used as bait. Of course, the soldiers of the Great, White Father must have this corn and stuff that the Indians want most; of course the especial Chiefs of influence were permitted to have some at a sacrifice. Finally the company had cords of purfleshes of meat of one hundred pounds each, stacks of marrow piled like thirty-two pound shells; grained and dressed rawhides, for teppee covers, in abundance. All this was bought, taking a purflesh of meat as



Charge This Ruin to the Fur Company.

teen hundred miles. The company also has several river boats which carry and bring. The corn that is raised by the Indians is of the small Canada variety. When this is ripe it is traced up by the use of the husks, three ears in a trace; the hunting tribes come in from the summer and early fall hunts to the various posts with tons of dried meat, marrow and rawhides. they want tobacco, corn and sugar, blankets, ammunition, coffee, whisky; and bright flannels, beads and brass wire (No. 10) coiled to fit arm and leg,

a unit; for four traces of corn, one cup of brown or golden C sugar, a twenty-five cent plug of tobacco, some beads and wire thrown in. March comes; the same hunting parties at all the various posts return half starved to death; for beaver, otter, marten, and musk-rat, furnish but little meat. The occasional cow buffalo they kill only whets the appetite for, more, so by the time they get to the trading posts they are in a condition that best fits them for the fur-trading Shylocks.

Two otter, or five beaver, or three martin, or three hundred musk-rats, or one fancy or two choice buffalo robes, would bring one-half of a pur-flesh of meat, one bladder of marrow, a little tobacco and whisky; total original cost not to exceed seventy-five cents in value. Either set of furs, in St. Louis, would be valued at from eighteen to thirty dollars. At this time, 1864, probably more than one-half of the furs of the world came to the people in this way. The Astor millions, the Shoutau's fortunes, were all made this way. How much is the Standard Oil behind this graft or monopoly for more than seventy-five years? I wonder of W. B. Astor, the expatriated American ever hears the wail of the starving pappoose or the dying groans of its famishing mother, when he sits down in his foreign castle surrounded by all this blood money could buy, for all the murders or massacred emigrants, the early settler and his ruined home, the tortured and mutilated; the fallen soldier, who was the victim of the Sioux, Cheyenne, Blackfeet, Shoshone, or any other tribe where the authority of the fur trader held sway is upon them. Did you ever notice the slow progress of civilization into any of their territory? Note the oft-occurring Indian raids on the settlers. All was incited by this gigantic trust. How the settlers began to pay somewhere near the value of the furs and skins and the Indians began to know the value of money and how to use it. This caused dissatisfaction between the traders and the Indians. They had to raise the price or divide the trade. This never would do. There are always hangers-on at all posts, (mostly of the renegade criminal stripe) half-breeds and squaw-men. They also have their use. They have mastered all of the dialects and the sign language, and are always ready to do their master's bidding. An Indian is killed by them, scalped, and, perhaps, mutilated. It was singular that the first to apprise the tribe was one of these hangers-on,

and the eloquent appeal made by him: "Are you all squaws and cowards? Will you see your bravest braves shot down in cold blood—in this, your own country—by the white invader who is killing all your game and driving the rest away!! Remember, it is your game!"

A little of this kind of talk and a "how-how, how-coda" brings on the scalp-dance and warpaint. In a few days the frontier is in arms and an outside settlement has been butchered. The report is that large war-parties were seen in many places at the same time. This shuts off the fur trading for a while with the settlers. As soon as there is any more this same proposition is repeated. To illustrate some of their methods in trading with these poor, ignorant savages: I saw a squaw, who was especially good at beadwork, especially on moccasins. She was just completing a pair that suited me, size and all. I first offered a dollar and a half, a good price; then two dollars and a half. I wanted them for my only sister, way back in Troy, New York. One of those half-breeds came into the tepee, looked at them, asked the price, severely, and went out. Knowing something of their methods I was afraid that I might lose them, so I raised my offer to three dollars, which she refused. Just then the squaw-man came back, laid down a soup bone, worth ten cents and a twenty-five cent plug of tobacco and without any further ceremony took the moccasins. Of course I was disgusted—particularly so, for she seemed more than satisfied with the trade. He finally sold them to me for one dollar.

Sept. 14th—Getting ready to move. Several companies of the 6th Iowa Cavalry will be stationed along the route home. Brackett's Battalion of two companies; 8th Minnesota, four companies; 2nd Minnesota, two companies, will all cross the country from Fort Berthold to Fort Ridgley, Minnesota. Ambulance horses and mules are getting short. Not enough to fill. Very few cavalry horses will work in



Sculps from the whites are the whole skins of the head stretched on the hoops tied to poles, held by the squaws in the middle. Sometimes, especially long hair and blonde, the scalp is made into a string by stirring on the edge, and then fresh. When tanned the string is used as fringe on council dresses. Note 'Ick-Pah-Pahat' in robe d'honneur.

harness. As a good work-horse could not be bought at government prices, ninety per cent. of all cavalry horses were either balky, kickers, cribbers or had other evils too numerous to mention. There were but four in our company who would work on light loads. W. H. Park's, Ed Colby's, John Kinkaid's and the writer's. It was useless to take the load from the horses' back and put it in the wagons, so a canoe voyage down the river was suggested by some one of us. All have repeatedly denied it since. Permission was had and a twenty-six foot dug-out, twenty-six and twenty-eight inch in beam and hold, was procured. Dispatches, letters, ammunition and guns and rations for three weeks, including blankets, of course, were put in the canoe, any of these that we did not use could be turned back when we got to our destination at Fort Randall, where our company would hole-up for the winter. The speed of the current of the river was about seven miles an hour; with the help of two or four paddles this would be materially increased on an emergency. Our plans were to run nights through the enemy's country, lying up, in the thousand and one islands day times, always one on watch. When we pushed off a big cheer was the good-bye of our comrades. Many were envious, but soft snaps were not for everybody. One thing, we had always or nearly always, been on scouts, hunting parties or carrying dispatches. That also caused some jealousy and yet it was not our qualifications or superiority but the fact that we had good horses. We started up that old song, "Life on the Ocean Wave." Say, it was nice and slick and such a comfort. We did not even land to make coffee—cold bites were good enough, besides smokes are the best possible guides to the enemy.

Two o'clock p. m.—Got into a pocket fully a mile deep (a pocket is the wrong side of an island). Both sides looked equally well for the main current. We took the wrong side, of course. At the lower end the pocket

spreads out and the water shoals to an inch covering the entire bar and you are tied up. Nothing to do but to get out and pull back. Before doing so John goes ashore to view the land. No sooner had he got on the bank than he was down again and frantically motioning towards the shore. A stampede of buffalo a mile or more down the river and a war-party of perhaps thirty trying to head them from crossing the river and herd them up the river nearer the Blackfeet country. It was short work to get that canoe into the low basket willows that skirted the islands. We took turns from the look-out, a rat's nest in a large cottonwood tree near the center of the island. The buffalo crossed the river in spite of the Indians, about a quarter of a mile above the island we were on. This is the time of the year that the buffalo begin to get restless and move towards their southern home. This herd was crossing all night. We could hear the roar of their constant bellowing. The Indians were following up in the rear, like herders, and were soon out of sight. About five p. m. another stampede more serious happened. It was the Milk River mosquitoes, in clouds, and swarms—coming in re-lays, both flank and rear, and oh, what a night! The evening force was only a scouting party. In an hour our skins were stiff and sore. To cover up and nearly smother was the only relief. With the aid of a cold frost we, about three a. m., were able to move—to wade up that long pocket and cordel that dug-out. The word "cordel" applies to the method of putting a rope on a canoe, or a boat, and pulling it. A three-quarter-inch rope of say sixty feet in length is used. There are one-half inch holes bored, two inches from and below the rail, two feet apart on both sides the entire length. In these holes are tied loops of rawhide. The lead rope is tied to the bow and slipped through one of these loops, say eight feet from the bow on the shore side, if the current is strong. When the rope is being pulled up the

stream from that point it gives the canoe an angle to the current. This keeps the boat from shore and always in the current. Old Captain LeBarge told me that that was the way Lewis and Clark, in their expedition, and Fremont, also, made their trips, the entire length of the old Missouri.

At daylight someone suggested "Life on the Ocean Wave," but our eyes were swollen nearly shut, so we could not see the notes or to shoot the man who dropped the hint. Good luck, sometimes, soothes many a wound, this was an ideal day's run. If our

Today a large body of timber stands upon the bank, and, for protection, a sandbar stretches out, perhaps half a mile or more, while the steamer passes down the stiff current a mile away near the other shore. Tomorrow the entire thing may be changed and, besides, half the timber is in the river and still caving off, making it very dangerous for anyone to approach. One of these identical changes was taking place on September 17th, 1864. Park was on lookout ahead, and Colby was steering. John and I were hiding from the mosquitoes under



Milk River Mosquitoes—seemingly not much enlarged.

lips had not been so thick I believe we would have sung "John Brown," or "Marching Through Georgia," in order to raise the safety-valve of our exuberance.

4 p. m.—We are out of the Blackfeet country. The Sioux are undoubtedly still going for the Devil's Lake or Mouse River country. Things begin to look good to us. Came into the Missouri this afternoon, ninety miles from Fort Union. We are going to run all night so that we can lay up a day or two at the post. Went ashore and killed a deer. Made coffee, fried bacon and venison; had a square meal; hated to leave camp for, one hundred yards from shore, there were but few mosquitoes, but the two days' stay at Union had a strong pull, so away we went. No one can tell what a night may bring forth on the old Missouri River. No one has ever attempted to tell of half her treacheries.

about eight thicknesses of government blanket, covered head and foot and trying to sleep. We could hear the rush of the waters showing a stiff current and an occasional splash and roar of falling timber and earth. We crawled out just in time, for, "look out!" yelled Park, "Star-board your helm, Colby!" but too late. The canoe ran up on a big sawyer, that, fortunately, was just settling down to unload. Park grabbed a limb and the canoe slipped off without taking much water and swung round stern down the stream. This night was as dark as the average starlight night with a quarter of a moon. We could just make out the shore-line which looked dangerously close and as far as we could see, probably one hundred yards each way, nothing but a big field of snags and sawyers. How we got that far without tipping over is still a wonder to me. A sawyer is a tree with top down

stream and held firmly by the roots; from one log to another, with one of us hanging to that log to take the rope and steer the craft past upsets. Here was the place that "Iron Blanket" would have taken three more lashes if he could have seen us four fellows getting the tortures of the damned, in more than ten volumes, sitting on logs holding an old dug-out, waiting what seemed hours to hear a voice that seemed filled with mush.



Not the River Styx but the Big Muddy.

for two of us to swim ashore and get the lay of the land. John and I peeled our duds. We did not miss the clothes much, for a blanket of mosquitoes took their place immediately. We were glad to get into the water, wading up stream on logs as far as possible, then swimming against the stiff current to another log, and so on until we got to the bank, which proved to be from ten to fifteen feet perpendicular, no possible chance to land. Back we went, ducking our heads often to drown our long-billed companions. There was nothing to do but all strip and let the canoe down "Let go; I've got her." Then like a turtle we would slip off the log into the water and out of sight, wishing we could stay there. Two long hours of this more than hell. Millions and billions of mosquitoes with what seemed as many branding irons and red-hot, too. Each particular one looking and probing for the best place, trying often, just as an aggravation, before boring to your very vitals. All of us looked like animals with a good coat of hair. Blood followed every wipe and we were wondering how long life would remain with this horrible pumping going on. The nearest place to

land was a mile below our troubles. This we availed ourselves of instantly. No ceremony! No "John Brown." We just tied in the brush the best we could. Guns and blankets in hand, we crawled out on the plains, perhaps two hundred yards. All the Sioux in the country could not have driven us back to those inquisitors. When we

since we tied up. "Good hot coffee and lots of it is good to counteract this ——— poison," said Kinkaid. Park, with a couple of cracks in his face, was trying to make out what his hands were. He was sick, too—in fact, we all were. John's exuberance of spirits was always on tap and he was reckless, too. He picked up one of



John's shot made one sick—

put on our clothes we could feel the crushing of their wings, legs, and hills, and the running of the blood from their crushed bodies. Ye Gods! what a night! The sun woke us up. A dozen buffaloes stood pawing and hooking the earth in a semi-circle a hundred yards away. We were all sorry that they were not Indians. We were so full of fight, every inch of skin as sore as a holl and swollen to its utmost.

After a disinterested look at the buffaloes by those of us who were able to see, a look at each other was in order. Not a word had been spoken

those carlines and as long as those buffaloes were in range he sent them messages of lead. He hit one hard for soon it was slowing up, on a route of its own. Poor Colby, he just gave one look, or tried to, as well as his face would permit and laid down again. Park was still looking at his hands, as large as smali hams. Oh! that smile which he gave. Then he closed the cracks where his eyes were and one wrinkle at the corner of his mouth was all of the smile left. John motioned to me, and after taking our six-shooters, we started for the canoe. What a trip those two hundred yards

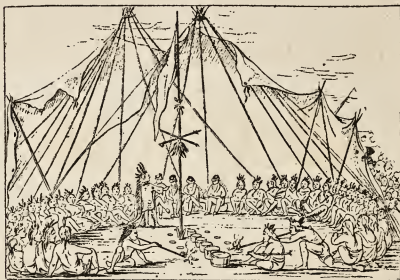
were. Every move seemed to crack the skin. If we had been melted and run into our clothes they could not have fitted closer. Coffee, bacon and venison were soon going, but we were paying for it in pain in every move. I knew something was on John's mind by his nervous movements and to prevent an explosion, I said, "Out with it, John." He looked surprised, at my intuition, but replied, "Say, Al! If you owed the devil a few foids where would you go to get the limit?" I never swore when he was around. He was an artist, John was. I was a bungler. For five minutes he unfolded his choicest selection, mingled with at least seven kinds of fools that we were, then we poured our coffee to cool and went out to the rest. Poor Colby was sick, indeed. Park had got on his feet but uncertain in action, wobbly-like, but no persuading would induce Colby to move. We tied a rock as large as a hen's egg in each corner of the blanket he was lying on, then each taking two corners, we partly slid and partly carried him to the camp-fire where we got a little coffee between his swollen lips. He could not see a bit. John and I ate as soon as we could, then dug a big bunch of rattlesnake weed, bruised it between two stones, put it in our camp-kettle and commenced an Indian brew, a panacea for all ills among the Northwestern tribes. In an hour or more we were all feeling better, and Colby could see a little. At noon we were in the dug-out. Colby was made as comfortable as possible, Park busy chewing the dregs of the brew, John and I trying to make up for lost time.

3 p. m.—Park is trying to get Colby to try some of the dregs and is actually surly to John and I because the effect of the "skeeter" bites was less on us than on them. They claimed they held the rope longer than we did, and the mosquitoes were worse on them than on us. The last was true. Bee stings never hurt either John or me. (While in the South on a foraging expedition, we always brought honey

into camp.) Although elk and deer often came to water they had no charms for us. They are mating now so the bull elks are very bold and show fight. We are seldom out of hearing of their calls or the whistle of the buck deer. Just before sundown we saw smoke way down the river. At our left was a little dry run into which we pushed our canoe to hide it. Went upon the bank and took a good look and concluded to camp for the night away from the enemies. June berries, did you say? Why every bush was loaded and dried, like in size and flavor unto dried Sultanas. Before dark everything was full, including ourselves. What would the world be without blessed sleep, nature's own cure for nature's ills. Two hours on, and four hours off, we drew straws who should have first. John wins—that means last as well—as Colby is too sick to take his trick. If things do not look well John will not make coffee in the morning and we will try June berries straight for breakfast and an early start. That indescribable call of the elk has, in the night, an uncanny sound in some places, but with us it was pleasant because it was an assurance that no lurking bands of Indians were near. The odor of coffee and bacon awoke me. The glint of the sunlight was painting the topmost leaves of the nearby cottonwood a beautiful silver tint and making every dewdrop a diamond. Soon the deeper shadows of the early morning around us faded away, then a bird came near and sang, seemingly to us. Birds are rare here in the Northwest, I know not why. A kind of black or brown bird, like the female blackbird, when seen is a sure sign of buffalo, as they go together and are called the "Buffalo Bird." The bird feeds on the fly and its larva that infests the buffalo, and it might be said it is, practically, all the bird family in this country. Colby is better, is sitting up and looking around. He is moving the muscles of his face some, practicing winking, too. I expect him to say something soon. Colby is one of

those people who like to do justice to a subject when starting out, hence his silence. Four miles of a run and Fort Union looms up in sight, the smoke we saw in the evening is explained. One look from John and the extra depth he shoved his paddle into the water spoke volumes. "Let's eat supper at Fort Berthold," says Park. Colby groaned and laid back in his blankets.

too. An hour and a half before sundown John climbed up a bank, and then a tree, and saw quite a party of Indians, seven or eight families, headed for Fort Berthold which could be seen two miles further down the river. This discovery opened up new complications. If we stop we will be spotted, and if we go by at daylight it is just as bad. "I am going to have



John Sits at the Right of the Four.

That two days' stop-over promised at Union, had vanished. I heartily endorsed Park's suggestion as none of us were fit to be seen and in no humor for anything that Union could offer. During the day we found two pockets. After this some one of us will scout every island unless we are certain. Game is scarce. All day an occasional outlook was a necessary precaution as the Indians were more than ugly and we were out of the disputed territory. From this on the country is straight Sioux, and hostile,

some Mandan brew," said John, and that was the first time Colby smiled since the night of the sawyers. Now "Mandan brew" is the real "drunk" article made on entirely original lines and with great ceremony and preparation. The squaws had been for months gathering all kinds of roots, herbs, barks and the bread of the aborigine, the "Cammass root," including some corn. A dug-out, say sixteen feet long, eighteen inch beam and hold was used for the still. A big fire is made and smooth bowlders of igneous rocks

are placed round and on the fire. The booze timber is brought forth and as many squaws as can sit around the canoe chew these roots, etc., and spit the saliva into the canoe. When the saliva that turns the starch into sugar, gets short, a relay of squaws take their place or water is taken in the mouth instead. It is a great honor to help prepare this decoction. Every squaw stands round for a chance. When the canoe is one-fourth full, water is added to three-fourths full. Then the hot rocks are put into the dug-out until the temperature is raised to nearly boiling point. All the blankets handy are placed over and around the canoe to keep in the heat. able to serve the braves or join in the dance, gather at one end and beat rawhide drums and as the orgies progress the more weird it becomes. After the overture, the brew is put in rawhide buckets and placed in a row, and the dignitaries of the most primitive of all races on the American continent sit around the circle formed by the musicians and waitresses. The big chief with much talk to the sun, moon and the Big River, receives his and the first taste. Then in turn all imhihe until their voices are hushed in a sleep that lasts for many hours. This ceremony is sacred and anyone that does not get drunk is disgraced. This calls for much act-



The Most Primitive.

In thirty hours fermentation commences, the foam works up through the blankets, carrying all the dirt with it, this not only cleans the blanket to some extent but purifies the liquor, too. When this primitive still has done its perfect work, then the dehauch of the season commences. The braves, with their hair braided in with eagles' feathers and smeared with red mud, are ready for the function. This braid often trails two or more feet on the ground, the whole head-dress weighing as much as ten pounds. This pulls the eyebrows up near the top of the forehead giving them a most grotesque appearance. The squaws, in their best and prettiest blankets, circle around the canoe, each carrying two buffalo-horn spoons. With these, hack to hack, they beat time to the feast. The old ones, not ing at times, for when the braves and company are served, the squaws get the rest, and may have to chew the dregs in the bottom of the canoe to get the desired effect, there not being enough of the liquor to go round. Even if they do not get a thimble-full they act the part. This Mandan tribe consists of less than sixty souls. All their weapons are the most primitive and clumsy, and of flint or stone. Their canoes are made of one buffalo skin stretched on a rude frame, slightly oval in shape, and is propelled with a short paddle by a sculling motion from the front, sticking the paddle out as far as possible and pulling the canoe to it; two can ride in this rawhide tub. The tribe is a remnant and is the slave of the fur company. They have not advanced for centuries. Perhaps they are the first socialistic col-

ony that crossed the isthmus of Atlantis. Even the dug-out or bark canoe are centuries ahead of them and the common tepee, too. These annual drunks are the only spice in their lives and probably the link that binds them to the dead past. They are just simply waiting to die, as slow disintegration of the great unfit. Let your minds conjure with time and their ancestry and you are lost. Perhaps the earliest ancestors of the builders of Gizeh were the victorious hosts that drove the once powerful Mandans into the far continent. In any event they are the most unique of all tribes on this continent.

Our canoe is hidden in the thick, wild cucumber vines, two hundred yards above the stockade. We only took our six-shooters and extra cylinders in our pockets. Colby is still very wobbly but the sight of the stockade nerved him to heroic effort. It seems years since we saw anyone whom we knew, and the first one we met was Frank LeFumbeaux, our chief guide in the expedition of last year. He said the Sioux had been laying for him ever since, believing that he led us that moonlight night of September 3d to the battlefield of White Stone Hill, where Little Crow's son and old Inckparduka with their six thousand warriors got a drubbing from which they never fully recovered, and old Big Head's band of over five hundred were taken prisoners, including about twelve hundred ponies.

An incident worth telling happened late on the fourth day after the battle at White Stone Hill while en route with these prisoners. All the afternoon out on the left flank three dogs with trayvior trailing were noticed. Now the Indians put all the most valuable articles, such as council robes, scalps, etc., and also the papposes, on the dogs, as under no circumstances will the dog fall to find its master, no matter how long the battle, while ponies are at home among any Indians. A detail of three of us were sent out to capture the dogs, if possible, or heard them into camp. On

close view, two dogs had as part of their load, each a pappoose, one probably four months old, the other ten or eleven. In the scrimmage, or some other cause, the older one had worked partly out of its lashings and was hanging by its waist and legs. The head was partly dragging, and the rough stony country in that section,



"Inck-Pah-Duka"

while the dog was running, had beat the child's head into an unrecognizable mass. The young pappoose was all right. When we uncovered it it drew itself down, trying to hide, showing that the animal instinct was yet strong. The wail and joy of those two mothers, who were among the prisoners, was indeed a contrast.

The guides saw remnants of the retreating foe from the battle-field of the Big Knife and the three days' fight in the Bad Lands and reported them totally demoralized, but never so ugly.

Even the fur company strengthened their posts. Frank advised us to move right along. The hunting parties are returning all along the river to trade. John had a fist fight with one of the Sioux hunters we saw coming in. "Fist fight," I said. An Indian has not the slightest idea of the art of self-defense. They will grab at your flying fists without blocking a single blow and never attempt a return one; but after being knocked down a few times discover that to lie there is the best place. It is a shame to hit one. It is like taking jerkey from a papoose. John's six feet of raw bones will get us into trouble yet. The agent expects a large party tomorrow. Park thinks we had better try mosquitoes tonight for a few hours, at least. This is a poor place for a white man. If not for the shame of it we would be in favor of lying up until the expedition comes along. That is what our old guide is doing, but he is afraid if we do, it will provoke an attack from the incoming Sioux. I can see that the agent is desirous of our going. This shows us, also, that he has fears. Ordinarily they like to have soldiers around, especially if they have any money. A council settles the question. We move tonight, and quick, too. We bought some pennyroyal from a Mandan squaw. This, bruised and rubbed on, is said to, at least, annoy the mosquitoes. It was all I could do to prevent John from giving at least one war-whoop of defiance before we left. The little exercise helped Colby much. He is getting himself again. Scouting of islands proves a good idea. In three out of seven times our judgment was wrong, but this running ahead has its drawbacks; taking the shoal water close to land often ran us into holes and a cold douche, unexpectedly, with your clothes on, is, to say the least, not desirable. Seldom a trip but what you came back wet. Possibly it has its advantages. The thermometer near freezing compels you to work hard to keep warm, and the harder you work, the nearer we get to civilization. That

word is fast losing its charms for us. A year from now we will dread it. The innate animal instincts are actually getting the upper hand. All our natures are close to the ground—only a few removes from the aborigines and they not one in some instances from an animal. It is a continual struggle to prevent turning back to them. The proof of this is on every hand. There is a fascination about this life that cannot be explained, but thousands that half live in these wilds prove that it is stronger than the word "civilization." We are waiting for daylight, anxiously. We do not like to build a fire at night. There is something in the old squaws' herh or else the mosquitoes are getting fastidious—or, perhaps, they are getting less plentiful. The Big Dipper is nearly bottom up, so morning is near. A camp is in order. A timbered island is selected as it gives better opportunity as a look-out and is always out of an Indian's runway, for they invariably camp on the main land, at least half a mile from any stream, making them safe against ambushes. The squaws do all the carrying and fetching and are of no value to an enemy. They are safe from being shot, but might be stolen sometimes.

What is it that hushes the wall of woe and the cry of hunger; the hark of the dog or the neigh of the ponies while they are on the warpath or on the hunt, and hedlam turned loose when in camp at a trading post, or at a reservation? In crossing the river they avoid these islands or timbered banks. Park just returned from a reconnaissance. He reported smoke down the river. He climbs a nearby tree, but sees no tepees, so we conclude it is a moving party, for, if in permanent camp, the tepees would be up and in sight. We built a blind fire, made coffee and fried bacon. A square meal is a great revivifier. We take turns on the look-out—the rest sleep. At ten o'clock a familiar sound, "ker-plunk-ker-plunk," comes down the river. I woke the boys by the simple word "Injuns!" What magic it has.

Instinctively their hands seek for their guns, even before fully awake. They know that sound, "ker-plunk," although it is made by a squaw. It conveys the unwelcome intelligence that a party of redskins are crossing the river nearby. Why a squaw cannot swim like a man I do not know, but they kick both their feet out of the water at the same time, bringing their insteps down on top of the water with force which pushes them along, hence "ker-plunk." Children from four years up can swim well. We crept up the island where we could see, just as the head of the cavalcade was going out. Twenty families in all. A couple of half-grown boys, frolicking, came near us, and scampered up and down the sandbar which was a part of the head of the island. Three more joined in the sport, to them, of kicking. They jump up and kick out sideways aiming to hit their opponent on the side or hip. If this is done with force, by grown men, there is great danger of injury. Here they come again! There is a plie-up within forty yards of us but yet we are not discovered. Luck favors us again. Away they go this time. We go back to camp. Colby, who was keeping camp, was getting uneasy. One look from the tree-top showed that the enemy was on their way to the trading-post. We conclude to make a run as sleep is out of the question now. The weather is grand but getting colder. We have got tired of scouting the trail at night and have concluded to fight our way through if necessary but run, day-times, we will.

Fort Rice, the first government post, is about one hundred miles below us. We are having the best run yet—all in good spirits. One hour before sundown we make an island camp, so as to cook by daylight. About midnight we were aroused by the roar of a buffalo stampede on the left bank of the river. The very ground seemed to tremble. At daylight that mighty avalanche of millions of tons of animated meat was in sight. Where they passed the grass was gone. It was like a

well travelled road as far inland as one could see. Nothing could stem that tide; at least on that side of the river. It will be safe for a day or two at least. We make an early start. Two p. m.—John on scout on sandbar. Yearling willows not quite covering his head. Suddenly he dropped, but too late. Two squaws, washing at the bank of the river saw him. "Coo-ah-oo, meatowea," we heard the call. "We will have to make the run; there are five tepees," said John. The left bank is all right. We shove off and take the bit. If we stay they may accumulate. As they are we have a show if we run for it. Guns are looked to. Ammunition made handy—our belts on, and away we go. They cannot reach us from their side. There were four men, rowing that dugout, and when it passed the point of that sandbar, as Park said "The trees on shore looked like a fine toothed comb, we were going so fast." Not a scalp-lock showed up. Even the squaws failed to make their second appearance. Three hours and thirty-five miles easy distance laid between us and the first had scare of the week. We have changed our minds again and conclude to try a part of the night at least after making coffee. All of us have at least one or more histers and are wet with perspiration. We start out just at dark, and keep in the deep shadows close to shore as much as possible. Just missed a cave-in that drove us into the open double-quick. How big we must have looked out there in the moonlight, and, as John said: "A damned good target to shoot at by an unseen enemy from the shadows." The slit of the night-hawk passing, sounds like the arrow's flight when near. A very little thing will keep your imagination at full tension. Ten o'clock and we are in the bottom of a pocket all out pulling. In forty yards more we will be over in deep water. It was Park's turn to scout. He begged us to try his judgment. The two last ones, John's and Colby's, were a success. This eternal dread and excitement is killing—if not the body, the

patience. Cross is no word for it. If we don't run into a fight soon we will be fighting among ourselves. John steered the canoe into the next island. "For God's sake, let's sleep," said he, and sleep we did. No more night runs for us say we all for the 'stenth time. We all swear to this last promise. We're sure we hear voices in the night several times, so it did not require tobacco juice in your eyes to keep awake when on watch. I cannot get used to this strain. Four of us look so small and so lonely out in the open river. A happy morning, indeed, broke forth. Within three hundred yards of us lay the little stern-wheeler, the "Belle of Peoria," aground. She was trying to make one more trip to the upper country, but the water setting lower all the time and the Indians harrassing them at every point, had delayed them. They were rigging new spars. These spars are used by the steamer, one on each side, to walk with as a man uses crutches. When the bow is raised a little the water cuts the sand from under her and the powerful stern-wheel is turned with full force, which pushes the boat along, so step by step they cross the bar. They are indeed surprised to see us round the foot of the island, and, at the same time, we give a war-whoop in real dead earnest, as a safety-valve to our pent-up feelings. They had had a hard time. All were worn out doing guard duty, cutting wood for steam, etc. The day before was the only day without a skirmish. They are supposed to meet Sully at Union, having stores for the Government. Capt. LeBarge is strongly inclined to turn back to Fort Rice, thirty miles further down the river, and unload. He expected to get a squad of soldiers for guard duty at Fort Rice, but all along they had none to spare. They had two buffalo cows and one calf on board, killed while the big stampede spoken of crossed the river near them. The captain said that at one time he was afraid they would swamp the boat. In a stampede of that kind those in the rear are always pushing ahead

for air and also fear from behind keeps the herd closely packed to almost suffocation, which causes the calves to tire and after a thirty mile run they drop behind. This makes rich picking for the black wolf, the best hunter of the wolf family. They will attack the largest hulk buffalo, and by ham-stringing first, then kill them. This is a dexterous piece of work, done with the teeth cutting the cord above the hock, causing the buffalo to break down behind. The rest is easy. The Indian looks upon the wolf as a deity and follows their methods in hunting closely and never kill one under any circumstances. All their dogs are more wolf than dog. John and Coiby are showing the captain how his forces would be strengthened if he turned back with us as an addition, and also they tell him of the many war, and hunting parties seen, and what Frank LeFumbeaux said; also that Sully should be at Fort Rice in a few more days. This settled it. By four o'clock the spars were completed and we were guests on the "Belle of Peoria," with quarters assigned and duties prescribed. We took the old spars and three old dry cedar logs and made a cob-house curb around the pilot house, lashing the corners, cutting slot-holes for the pilot and portholes for the gunners and cutting a trap-door through the bottom so a change of officers or guard would be made without being seen or exposed to the shore. This gave an elevated position above the ordinary bank and an equal chance with the foe. Before, the boat was at a disadvantage, the hurricane deck being too exposed, and from below they could only see the enemy when they appeared on the bank.

We made a couple of hours' run and tied up to an island. All but the watch of two, went ashore to cut and bring wood for steam. We had an impromptu war-dance on the bank. All four of us were experts. This gave vent to the pent-up feelings of the last two or more weeks. We opened the safety-valve wide. We yelled as we

never did before. One roustabout declared his doubts as to our being white men. Poor fellow! He did not know the hell we had since the "John Brown" song up there on Milk River. Another thing we had—the best news in the world—and that was that Atlanta was taken and of the victory at the Battle of the Wilderness. We four felt at that moment, we could whip our weight in

the few old skates left, the raiding party of Indians had started off with a good distance between us. Thirteen of us got as many horses and, without saddles, we gave chase. A run of four miles perhaps, caused the red devils to drop their unwilling lead horses, that they stole. We still ran them, perhaps half a mile, when some one began to want cartridges. This developed the fact that all were short



An Unequal Contest.

black wolves, and what a relief to be able to talk above a whisper, too!

An early start and good luck brought us to Fort Rice. Indeed it looks like getting home. The first bluecoat since the commencement of our canoe voyage. Capt. Morland with his Company G is still working on the fort and skirmishing between meals. We find it is October first. On the second, Captain Ames and a party went out hunting in the morning. Two p. m.—The horse guard, which was herding horses over the rise of ground to the east, opened a fusillade that startled the whole post, and before any of us could get on the backs of

which caused an immediate change of front. It was the old case of the dog chasing the coyote away, and then the coyote chasing the dog back. J. L. Blair, one of Company G's boys, was on a one-eyed plug, who evidently could not see all the prairie-dog holes which we were passing over for, in nearing the Post, with Indians close to the rear, his horse fell and fastened Blair to the ground. The reds had evidently discovered our lack of ammunition for we only kept them back by good work with what shots we had left. We had gone perhaps fifty yards before missing Blair. Imagine our

horror on looking round to see the Indians over Blair. While dashing back to the rescue, fortunately Capt. Moriand and party, returning from their hunt, hearing the continuous shooting, hastened to the spot in time to reverse the tables, but poor Blair was frightfully cut. The bit of a tomahawk had been driven into his head on the left side forward of and above the ear and the poll or pipe end into the forehead, and in his defense his hands had been split down between the fingers, and yet it was only a moment's work before we were onto them. Blair's brains were oozing out at two places; he was taken to the Post still alive. Imagine, if you can, that coarse surgery and Post care brought him through. [This day, January 20th, 1906, he is the General Traffic Agent of the Santa Fe Railroad Company, with offices at Sacramento, California.]

October 4th—We start below. At the mouth of the Cannon Ball we are attacked. The boat had the same experience at the same place coming up. We were prepared and with four extra guns and the pilot-house stockade we gave them a taste that was good for what ailed them. One red-skin had a gun and could use it, too; or, could until John drew a bead on him. That is one thing John always manages to do. He kills all the bad ones. Four of us shot at the same time, at the same man, after counting three, and all shot at the word three. Nevertheless he knew his shot did it because when shot in the head they jump high and fall back, while if hit through the heart they fall forward, limp-like, as this one did, and that is where he aimed. Yet we keep John naked for shirts, shooting at a target, shirts being the wager. We cannot induce him to bet anything else or he would be entirely naked. This is the best ever. The old Captain says we are on "permanent detail or on detached service." That is one of the ideals of a soldier. He practically has the say about it. Awful glad we took aboard plenty of ammunition, for, according to the Captain, this will be a

regular diet. Tied to a friendly island, as usual, here the Indians sprang a new one on us, they built a big raft and, after piling it high with dried wood and brush, set it afire and let it adrift down to us as a message. It would look ugly, indeed, if we did not have plenty of hose and steam up all the time. Ropes were made ready to make fast to the raft, which was coming towards us all right and would strike us fair. "Wah-ah-ah er-er," from a hundred throats added to the weirdness. They followed it down on the shore opposite to us in order to be in at the death and kill all that came ashore, but a couple of volleys scattered them, and the water from the hose put the fire out and we lashed the raft to the steamer to be cut up for wood in the morning. We were too far for them to reach us with arrows. The scene closed with a wail from shore, indicating that our volleys had been to some purpose. Poor squaws! Their troubles are many! Besides all the drudgery, they have to do all the hair-dressing, and keep the family free from —; especially their braves, which is no small task. They also have to do all the howling when death overtakes them. They scream as if they got so much a scream, and had to buy meat for the whole tribe that night. Quite a dab of wood the raft made this morning. You can see the Indians back on the range flashing their looking-glasses, but we can see no answers. One of four of us ride in turn in the pilot-house. We hope to run nights as soon as we pass the Big and Little Cheyenne as they afford quite a volume of water. I dread it. The old Captain is fixing up another headlight—one that we can use as a sidelight and which is portable as we are running close to both shores, oftentimes in the space of an hour. We are making good time. You have to run either faster or slower than the current in order to get steerage. This keeps the mates busy heaving the lead. "Two feet scant," does not sound as good as "Four feet less quarter twain," meaning eight feet, and yet the for-

mer is the most common, "But Er-er-chug;" this means either back up or spar over. It was one of these sparring matches (steamer rules) when a bunch of Brules concluded that they would interrupt and cool our dinner. Neither of us on the lookout saw the color until within two hundred feet of shore and getting closer every minute, when they raised that old familiar war-whoop (which had lost its fearsomeness for us), then let go a shower of arrows, pinning First Mate Hogan's foot to the deck and slightly wounding Park in the arm. There were a couple of half-breeds, or squaw men, who seemed to have the direction of the party. Each had a gun. The pilot crew are taking particular pains with them, but you cannot hit a band of buffalo with our carbines. If any execution is done it is by accident, but with the old Cott's Navy it is different. When at this distance you can expect results. There was only one or two volleys of arrows when the enemy melted away into the more distant brush. John thinks he hit two or three. We are now coming to the big bend one and a half miles across and 30 miles around. The Big Cheyenne enters at the turn. Hogan is afraid that that arrow is poisoned. Park's six-shooter deflected the arrow meant for a vital spot or it might have been all day with him. If the same number of soldiers had been in place of the Brules they would have taken the boat with clubs. An Indian's courage oozes out when he is seen, and he must get out of sight. Captain LeBarge ties up to a drift pile for wood. If we run tonight after passing the Cheyenne we should make Fort Pierre tomorrow. We think as there has been no zigzagging from the hill tops we are past the danger line. We hope so. The crew seem to think we four are the whole thing when it comes to Indian fighting—at least our prognostications and individual successes have commanded their respect, so they are overdoing the praise act. Park and Hogan are all

right with their sore spots. The point of the arrow, only, got between the middle toes of Hogan's foot so he will be able for duty in a few days. Have not taken off the bandage of Park's arm yet but he is worth a lot of dead men, I can tell you. It took two hours to spar out of a pocket this afternoon. Can just see the old Bajau Hills to the left; Fort Pierre is not far. This certainly begins to look like home folks—those hills I mean.

A sorry time of it last night. More snags and pockets which did not help much. Would suggest scouting but do not like the job ourselves. Too cold and the lack of sleep is worse than anything else. How we longed for one whole night of undisturbed sleep. It is promised to us tomorrow night. What a creeping process this is. Passed Cedar Island this morning, thirty-five miles above Fort Randall. Every bush, tree and shrub is familiar. Here is where we cut three rafts of stockade timber in the spring and here is where we learned that sand accumulations in the Big Muddy will soon sink even the peeled log. On our first raft we piled all the tree tops cut into wood. In ten miles run we had jettisoned all the wood and were knee-deep in water on the raft. We cut some of the Lock Downs but no good; had to leave it in fifteen miles. The next we left the wood off but she went to pieces in less than twenty miles. The next raft we peeled the logs and succeeded in snubbing the raft more than a mile below where we wanted it at the Crow Creek Agency. They were to stockade the Agent's Post in the spring before we started on our expedition. It was the Sixth Iowa Cavalry that established this agency. It was of Winebagoes brought from Wisconsin and White Swan's band of Sioux. This agency consisted of twenty-five hundred acres set apart for farming purposes, which was broke, seeded and fenced with good posts and five-board fence. Ten ox-teams, tools and everything necessary for a first-class establishment. This was all left to these noble red-skins.

The government, mind you, was to pay the market price for every bushel of corn or grain they would raise, and for every calf, also, but take nothing away from them. This was the first attempt of the government to civilize any of the tribes of the Northwest. It was called by the soldiers the Boston Method. If these misguided philanthropists could see the result they would be willing to wait at last a decade before a second trial. Not a post or board was left. The stock had destroyed the entire crop, except three or four little plots of corn fenced in with cottonwood poles which was done by some thrifty squaw and saved from the wreck, but they had burned up all the fences. It is true a few corn stubs showed here and there that had got too old and tough for the ponies to chew. The Indians had eaten up everything, all the cows and calves, every yoke of the ten yoke of cattle, excepting the yokes. The young boys were playing mumble-peg with a few harrow teeth left and the young men had worked over the plow handles into shinny clubs. This wreck is said to have been consummated while the agent from Boston was summering at St. Louis, and incidentally trading off the good substantial woolen flannels and blankets, plain, but good dress-goods of the same fabric; cooking utensils of civilization, including bacon and groceries said to be worth more than two hundred thousand dollars. These were the annuities furnished by the government. Trading for what? Pinchbeck jewelry, brass wire and curtain calico, tobacco of very uncertain quality and bacon "so 'buggy' you had to stake it down," and said to have been used by Harney, at Fort Laramie, as breast-works many years before; plus a steamer-load of corn that had laid in the hold of the steamer B. H. Graham for four days at the bottom of the river near the mouth of the Little Sioux until heated so that it turned black; and, mind you, this was government corn and paid for but reported lost. When this report was on the road to

the General Quartermaster of the United States soldiers were spreading this corn on the shore to dry, then it was re-sacked by them and sold again by the same contractor. This time to the Agent. This transaction caused an investigation of Bolser, Bagg & Co., the government contractors of the Trans-Mississippi.

Of course some sop was given to the chiefs in the way of fire-water, largely water. Ye Gods! Talk of frenzied finance! One hundred and eighty thousand dollars profit on the deal. The result: cold, starving Indians all winter, even a hunting permit now and then did not quiet the murmurings of the starving, freezing, savage, ignorant children of the plains.

Captain LeBarge gave us a farewell dinner on board. We almost wished we were going along. Today we saw the Blackfeet prisoners at the fort. They seemed surprised that we got away, for sure enough plans (Indian plans) were laid to annihilate us. But when we told them of our trip down through their entire country, and also of their allies, in a dug-out, and hardly without a scratch, they showed their disgust or disbelief by turning their backs on us.

Yesterday I saw the way quartermasters and contractors "jibe." A drove of sixty head of beef (?) cattle was across the river to be received by the quartermaster of the Post. Three or four of us joined by request, as viewers. The cattle were there all right. How they got there is a mystery. There were solid yoke galls from horn to withers. They had been freighting all summer and, by their looks on very short grass. There was not enough fat on the whole of them to fry one of their livers. Kinkaid said it would take ten men to hold one up to knock it down. It was too much even for the quartermaster, who, with a great show of indignation, refused to receive them. A great talk was put up by the contractor for damages and the assurance that we would get no more fresh meat this year, the Indians making it impossible to get

any more up from below, etc., etc.

Two weeks from that day the same fat (?) cattle showed up again with better luck for the contractor, but hard luck on Companies A and L, who chewed the rubber meat all winter.

This laying up stores for winter reminds me of an incident that happened to John and I when detailed at one time to hunt. We had been twenty-one days without wood, using buffalo chips entirely. At this particular time we were also detailed by the cook to get wood and water for mess. In our hunt in the morning, starting out before the expedition started, we had succeeded in putting our flag or company mark on a couple of buffalo. The herd swerved to the right, which we followed too far, leaving the course in which the expedition was coming, killing one especially fine specimen, out of the line altogether. While we were taking the choicest pieces of the hump I noticed the hair on the pate was very clean and long, so, with my knife, I peeled it from the skull and placed it flesh-side down, which is very glutinous, on my saddle for the purpose of a cushion. This let the expedition go by leaving us to trail. When we imagined the time was about ready for the camp for the expedition, we dismounted and with hridle over our arms and two corners of the blanket held by each of us, picked up the stray chips left by those ahead. We had not gone far before down in a hollow there was one lone stub of a small tree four or five inches through, seven or eight feet long, limbs nearly all gone. I dropped the blanket and proceeded at once to mount and ride down and get it. It tipped over easily but out of sympathy for my horse I concluded to carry it on my shoulders up the hill to level ground. I remember something about a snort when I got up off of the ground my horse was going as though the devil was after him, bucking and kicking. The strap holding the breech of my gun had broken, the muzzle being held by the holster on the stirrup, the horse dragging the same with the

hammer striking everything that happened in the way. It was loaded, and I expected every moment to see it go off, and me afoot for all time. Just at this point he worked through the cinch and was free from the saddle. I did not want to loose the wood and I could not afford to lose the saddle, so I put the saddle on the wood and started for camp, which was not over two miles. It was getting dusk and I could see only the firelight of the various messes which guided me to my own company. "Company A here's one of your horses." I was sure it was Selem. John had followed him into camp but lost sight of him.

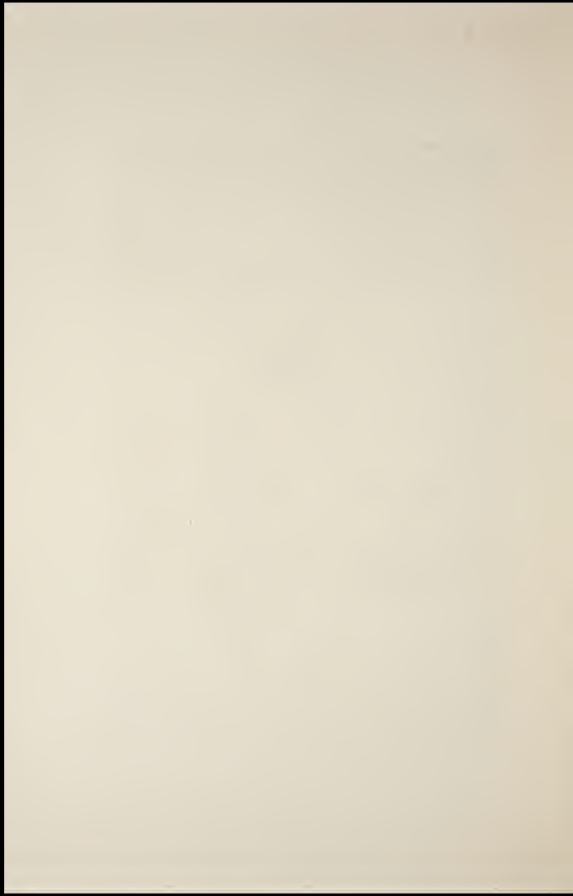
Words in the English language have not been discovered that expressed my feelings when I found abundance of wood all along the water-course where the regiment was camped, I sat wrapped in a blanket and perspiration quietly by the fire and saw every particle of that stuff do its full duty, and ruminated over a horse's inhumanity to his rider.

This all seems as yesterday, these scraps of history ungarnished, and seeming to lack much that could be said yet any of the many incidents, if rounded out in detail would fill a volume, this was not the object of the author. At the time of these circumstances other and overshadowing parts were being acted in the drama of the great tragedy of tragedies, brother against brother. So much so that few know today and history makes little mention of the fact that during that time there was also one of the greatest of Indian wars of modern times in progress, and the successes of the arms engaged made it possible to populate the great Northwest so soon after the Civil War, thereby making a civilization that has obliterated nearly every vestige of that illustrated embodiment of the greatest living socialism, the Indian of the Northwest. It is true some of the Indians have degraded these principles by working and are fast dying out, others have preserved these prin-

ciples but have degenerated to the point of roaming the sandy desert waste with only a forked stick, looking for a lizard for lunch. The myraids of buffalo, deer and elk are of the past. The majority of the human actors of that great drama are also gone, the living ones shudder when in a retrospective mood. The auto car and locomotive smoothly glide where once the wild untamed pony of the plains cavorted. The fire hole basin, now Yellowstone Park, where the winds sing soft lullabies through the drowsy pines and where the visitor that visits this wonderland now points to the trail of the soldier escort to some of the first settlers of Idaho. No, the object of the writer was to introduce an almost forgotten subject, hoping some able pen might take the matter up and place where it belongs the history of the great Sioux War, brought to a grand conclusion by that peerless Indian fighter, Alfred Sully, in '63-4-5.



Finis.







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